



DC  
COMICS™

23.3

THE NEW 52!

# PENGUIN #1



RATED T TEEN

FABOK  
2013



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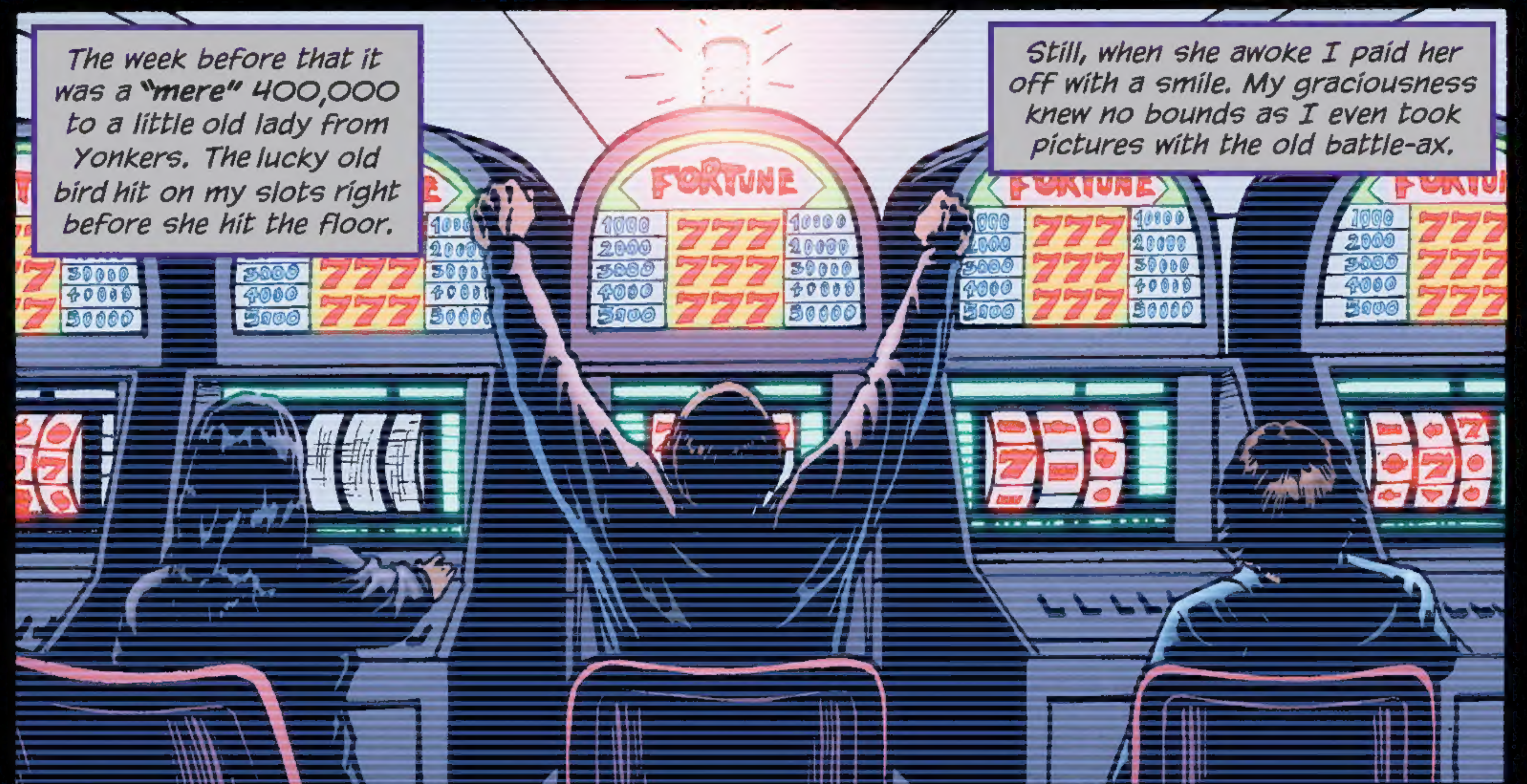
NOV 2013





Last week a Japanese whale relieved me of a million dollars.

It happens. The cost of doing business, they say.



The week before that it was a "mere" 400,000 to a little old lady from Yonkers. The lucky old bird hit on my slots right before she hit the floor.

Still, when she awoke I paid her off with a smile. My graciousness knew no bounds as I even took pictures with the old battle-ax.



But now I'm losing 35 grand at one of my blackjack tables and I don't like it.



I don't like  
it one bit.

DC COMICS  
UNLEASHES PENGUIN<sup>TM</sup>

# BULLIES

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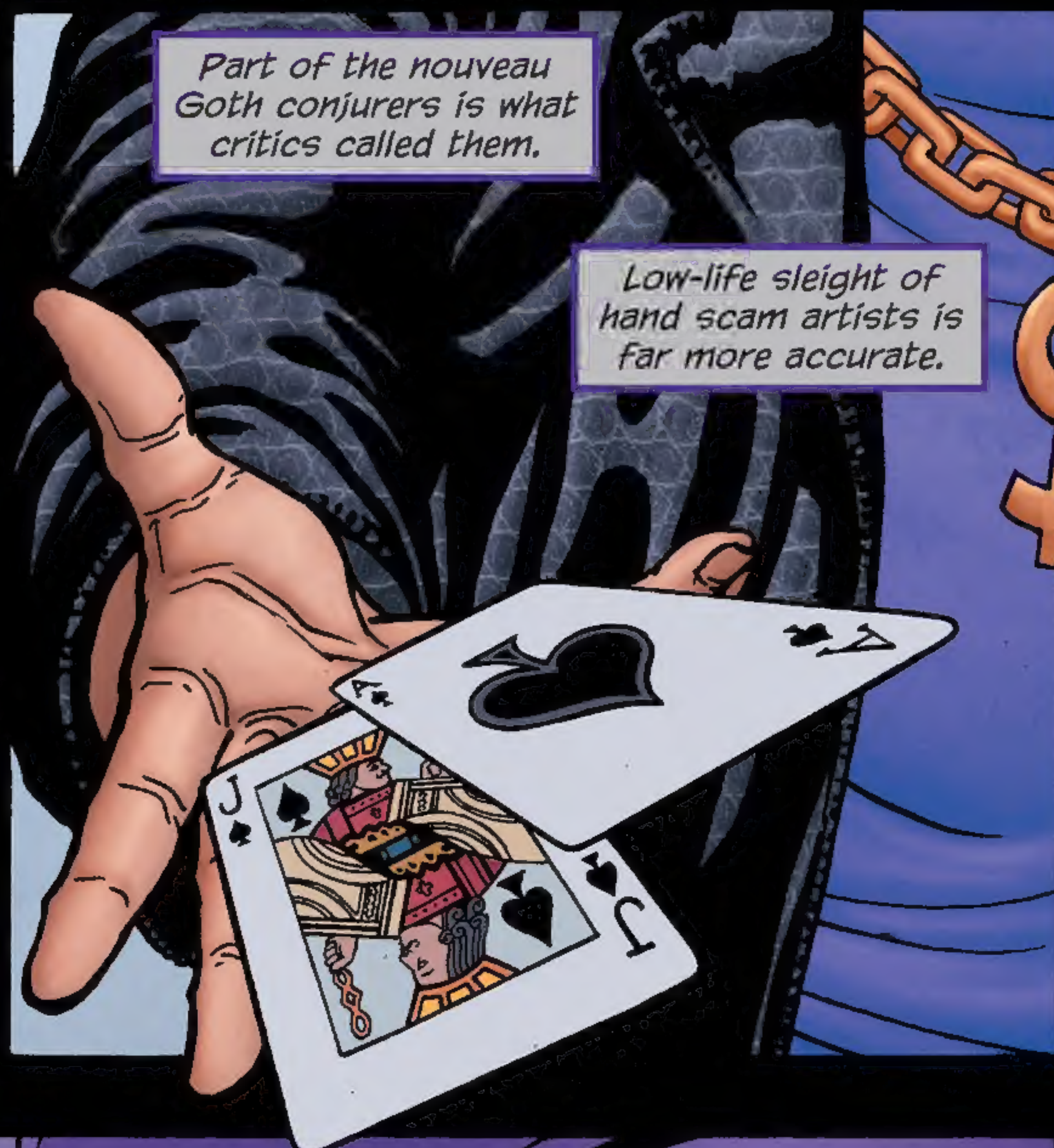






The reason this has drawn my ire has much to do with who it is I'm losing it to.

A failed Vegas magic act that refer to themselves as *The Illusionists*.



Part of the nouveau Goth conjurers is what critics called them.

Low-life sleight of hand scam artists is far more accurate.



They've already made quite the name for themselves in a relatively short time, having their way with casinos everywhere from Vegas to Monte Carlo.

But this time...



...they've picked the wrong casino.

CAN YOU GENTLEMEN PLEASE COME WITH US?

IS THERE A PROBLEM?

JUST COME WITH US, SIR, UNLESS YOU WANT ONE.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOU...

...IS THIS THE WAY THIS CASINO TREATS PEOPLE WHO WIN HERE?

NO, IT ISN'T.

















Hmm. I  
HAVEN'T KILLED  
ANYONE MYSELF  
IN OVER THREE  
YEARS.

COULD'VE  
FOOLED  
ME.

BUT  
SPEAKING  
OF YOU KILLING  
PEOPLE,  
BOSS...



... "HAND OVER YOUR  
WINNINGS AND YOU'LL  
LEAVE HERE UNHARMED"?  
I ALMOST DID A  
SPIT TAKE.

WELL, ONE  
MUST PUT UP  
APPEARANCES AT  
TIMES, MY DEAR  
LARK.



BUT SINCE  
APPEARANCES ARE  
CERTAINLY NOT  
NECESSARY  
HERE...

DO THESE  
MEN HAVE  
FAMILIES?

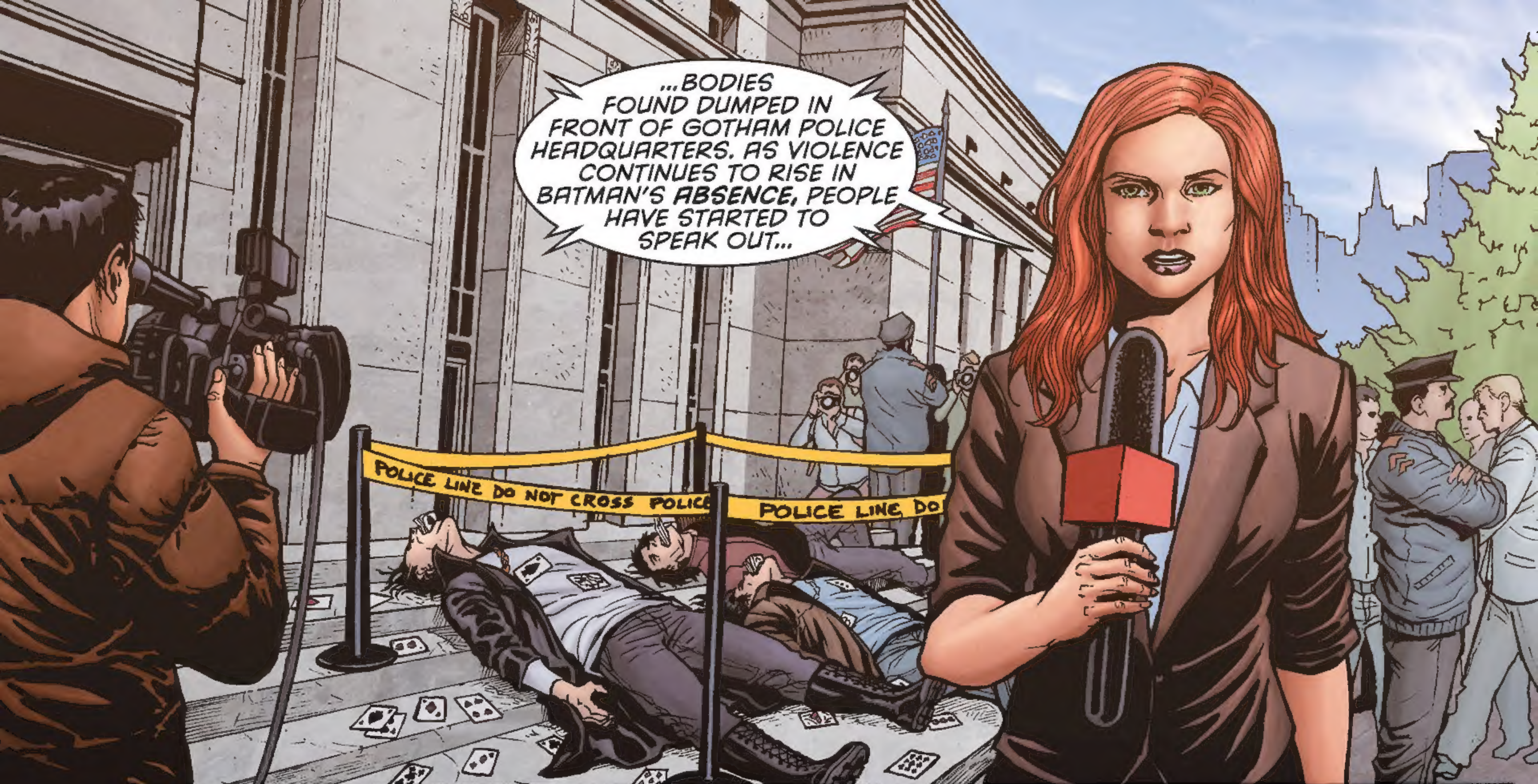
I'M  
SURE THEY  
DO.



NOT  
ANYMORE  
THEY  
DON'T.

SEE TO  
IT.









WELL, I MUST BE  
AT NEWBORN KITTEN  
LEVEL AT THIS POINT  
BECAUSE I'M *STILL*  
NOT FOLLOWING.

THEN  
PERMIT ME  
TO ENLIGHTEN  
YOU.



YOU SEE,  
THE *WINSTONS*  
AND THE *COBBLEPOTS*  
GO WAY BACK, AS  
THEY SAY.

BACK TO THE VERY  
BEGINNINGS OF GOTHAM  
ITSELF. AND NOT ONLY  
HAVE OUR FAMILIES BEEN  
COMRADES FOR  
YEARS...

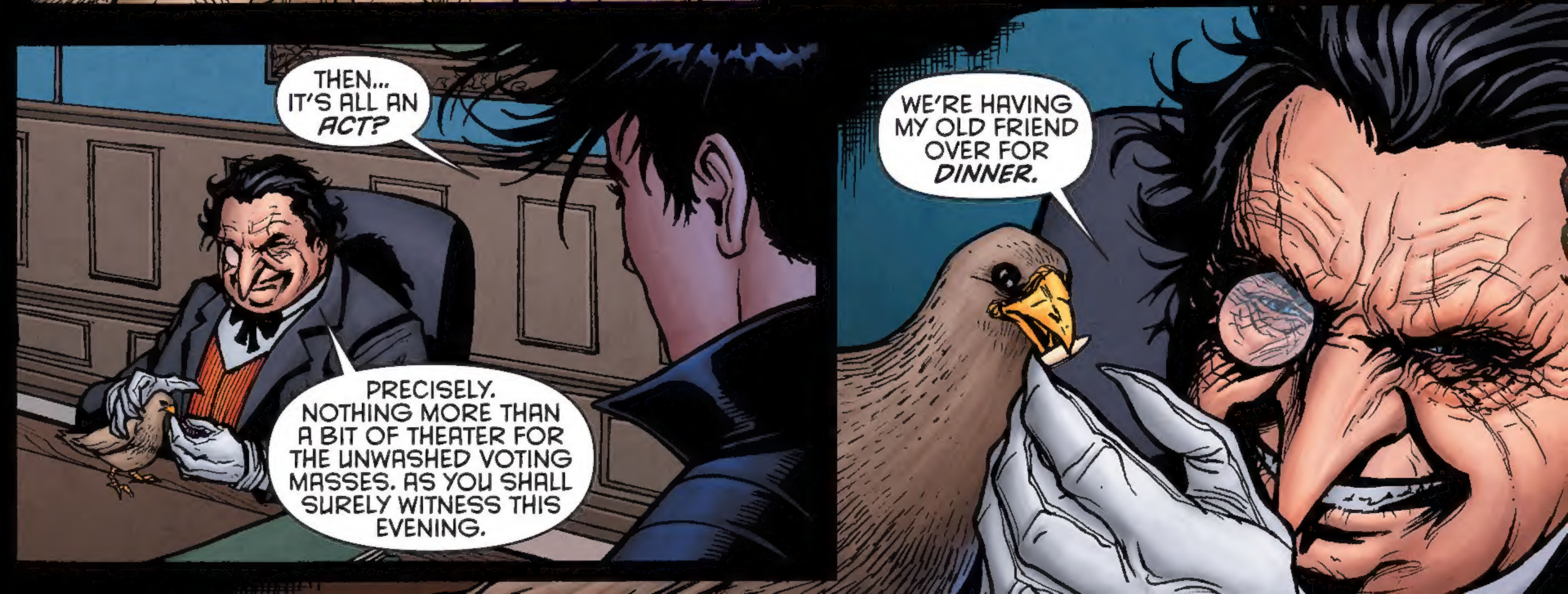


"...BUT  
CARTER  
AND I HAVE  
BEEN, AS  
WELL.

"IN FACT, AT  
BOARDING SCHOOL,  
WHEN, ALAS, IT SEEMED  
THERE WAS NO PLACE I  
COULD TURN TO...WHEN  
THE BULLIES MADE MY  
EXISTENCE A VIRTUAL  
*HELL...*



"...THERE  
WAS ALWAYS  
*CARTER.*"



THEN...  
IT'S ALL AN  
*ACT?*

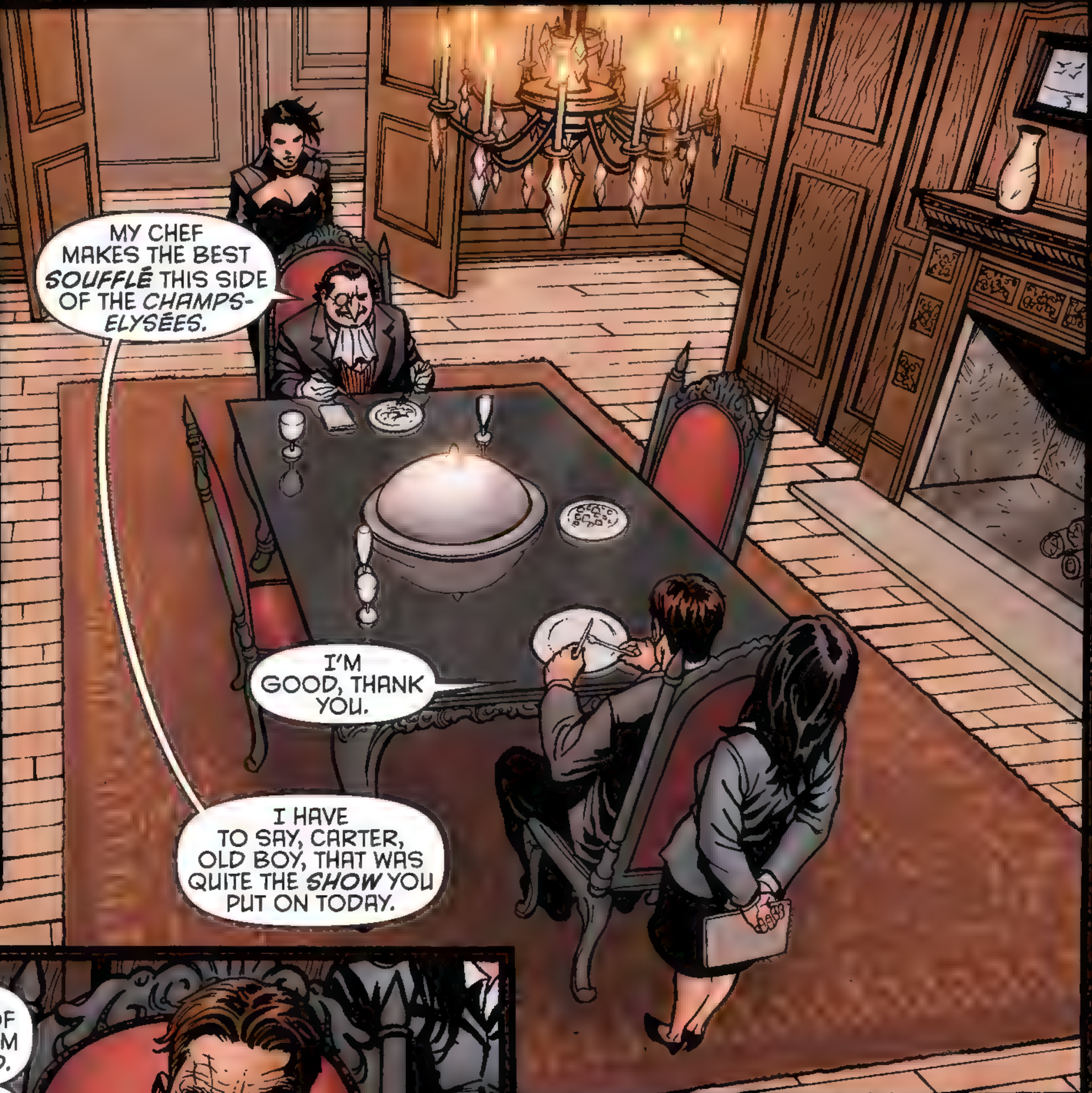
PRECISELY.  
NOTHING MORE THAN  
A BIT OF THEATER FOR  
THE UNWASHED VOTING  
MASSES. AS YOU SHALL  
SURELY WITNESS THIS  
EVENING.

WE'RE HAVING  
MY OLD FRIEND  
OVER FOR  
*DINNER.*





I HOPE YOU SAVED SOME ROOM FOR DESSERT.



MY CHEF MAKES THE BEST *SOUFFLÉ* THIS SIDE OF THE *CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES*.

I'M GOOD, THANK YOU.

I HAVE TO SAY, CARTER, OLD BOY, THAT WAS QUITE THE *SHOW* YOU PUT ON TODAY.



WELL, THAT'S PART OF THE REASON I'M HERE, OSWALD.

THAT WAS NO SHOW.



PARDON ME?

YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR, OSWALD. DONE TOO MUCH *DAMAGE* TO THIS CITY.

I LOOK AT YOU NOW, IN YOUR PERSONA AS THE PENGUIN, SITTING ATOP YOUR EVIL EMPIRE HERE AS IT STRANGLES GOTHAM, AND I SEE NO RESEMBLANCE WHATSOEVER TO THE SCARED, BULLIED BOY I ONCE KNEW.



IN HIS PLACE STANDS A *MONSTER*. WHICH IS WHY, SIMPLY PUT, OSWALD...

...I'M SHUTTING YOU DOWN.





MISS COLLINS, IF YOU PLEASE...



BRUCE WAYNE'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA. OUR CITY NEEDS TO CHANGE. AND SO...

...GOTHAM'S GETTING *TIMES SQUARE-IFIED*, OSWALD. OUT ARE YOUR CASINO, THE SURROUNDING SLUMS AND FILTH...



...IN ARE THERE RESTAURANTS AND STORES, MEGA CHAINS, AND GOOD OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT.

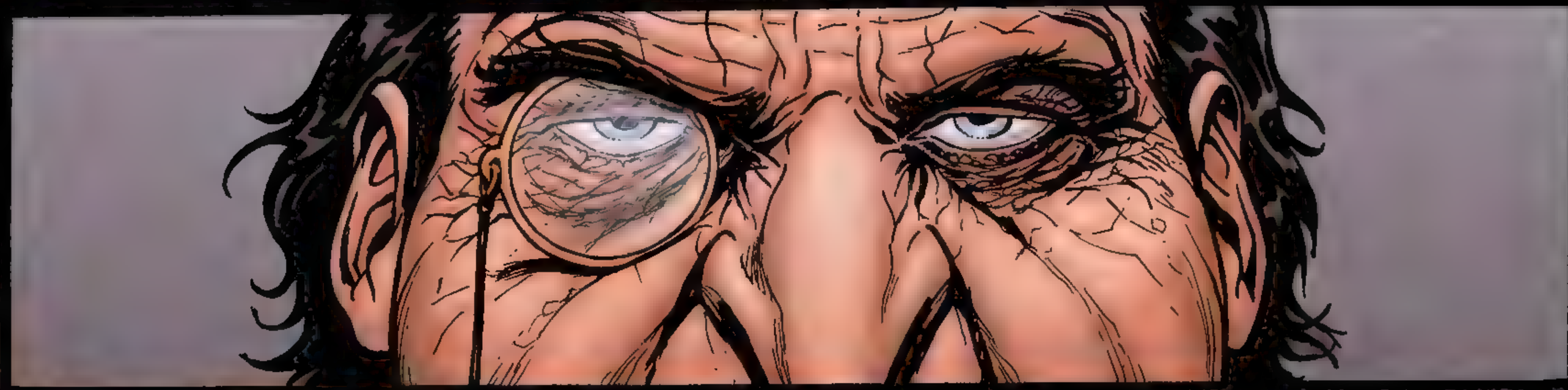






WHY, EVEN  
YOUR BELOVED *CASINO*  
WILL BE GETTING A MAKEOVER...  
AS AN INDOOR SKATING RINK.  
YOU MIGHT AS WELL ACCEPT THE  
BOTTOM LINE NOW, "OLD  
FRIEND"...*GOTHAM IS  
MY CITY.*

AND MY  
ADVICE TO YOU IS  
TO GET OUT OF MY WAY  
BECAUSE I'M TAKING  
IT BACK.



WELL,  
THEN.

LARK, THE  
'59 DOM, IF YOU  
PLEASE.



A  
TOAST.



TO  
OLD FRIENDS.  
AND *NEW*  
VENTURES.

LET  
THE BEST  
MAN W--



"WAKEY,  
WAKEY..."

CARTER,  
OLD CHUM.

Uh...  
WHAT...

REALLY, CARTER, IT WOULD'VE  
BEEN GREATLY APPRECIATED  
TO BE INFORMED THAT YOU ARE  
AN INDIVIDUAL WHO CAN'T  
HANDLE YOUR *LIQUOR*. YOU  
COULD'VE SAVED US BOTH  
QUITE A BIT OF EM-  
BARRASSMENT.

HERE... CLEAN  
YOURSELF  
UP.

YOU...

...SON OF  
A BITCH.

**YOU  
DRUGGED  
ME!**

DRUGGED YOU?  
NOW HOW COULD  
THAT BE? WE ALL HAD  
THE CHAMPAGNE.  
UNLESS...

Hmm. I  
SUPPOSE THAT  
*PERHAPS* SOMEONE  
COULD'VE MERELY  
DRUGGED JUST  
YOUR GLASS.

I REALLY  
MUST SPEAK TO  
THE WAIT STAFF  
ABOUT THAT...

WHERE'S MY PHONE,  
YOU BASTARD? I'M  
CALLING THE  
POLICE.

ACTUALLY, I  
WOULD HIGHLY  
RECOMMEND AGAINST  
SUCH AN ACTION,  
OLD BOY.

LARK, IF YOU  
PLEASE.

LIGHTS.





SEE  
WHAT I  
MEAN?

KERCHIEF?

MY  
GOD...





NOW  
ARE YOU  
DIALING 911  
OR SHALL  
I?

YOU  
MONSTER...  
WHAT DID YOU  
DO?

I'LL  
TAKE THAT AS  
A NEITHER.



BUT AS  
FAR AS WHAT  
DID I DO? I DIDN'T  
DO A BLESSED  
THING.

IT'S  
WHAT DID  
YOU DO.



YOU KNOW, I DID SO  
THOROUGHLY ENJOY  
YOUR *PRESENTATION*  
AT DINNER.

ALLOW ME  
TO SHOW  
YOU *MINE*.



**RARRH!**



C-CARTER,  
NO! P-PLEASE!





WHAT...

...IS...

...THAT?

THAT WOULD BE VIDEO FOOTAGE FROM THIS HOTEL ROOM. AND *THAT* WOULD BE YOU.

SO AS IT TURNS OUT, YOU HAVE QUITE THE *VENOM* ADDICTION, CARTER. NEVER WOULD I HAVE GUESSED SUCH A THING POSSIBLE, BUT HERE WE ARE.

APPARENTLY, YOU CHECKED INTO THIS ROOM LAST NIGHT, HIGHER THAN THE PROVERBIAL KITE...WITH *MISS COLLINS*.

THEN THAT'S...

YES, MISS COLLINS. WHAT'S LEFT OF THE POOR LASS, ANYWAY.

ALTHOUGH WE CAN'T BE 100% CERTAIN AS WE CAN'T FIND HER *HEAD*.

WE SUSPECT YOU MIGHT HAVE *EATEN* IT.

THEN OF COURSE, THERE'S ALSO THE MATTER OF THE WHY YOU CHECKED IN HERE WITH MISS COLLINS. ACCORDING TO YOUR PHONE HERE, THERE WAS QUITE A BIT OF...

...WHAT DO THE KIDS CALL IT NOWADAYS? *SEXTING*, I DO BELIEVE?

RIGHT. A WHOLE LOT OF *SEXTING* GOING ON BETWEEN YOU TWO. NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY.

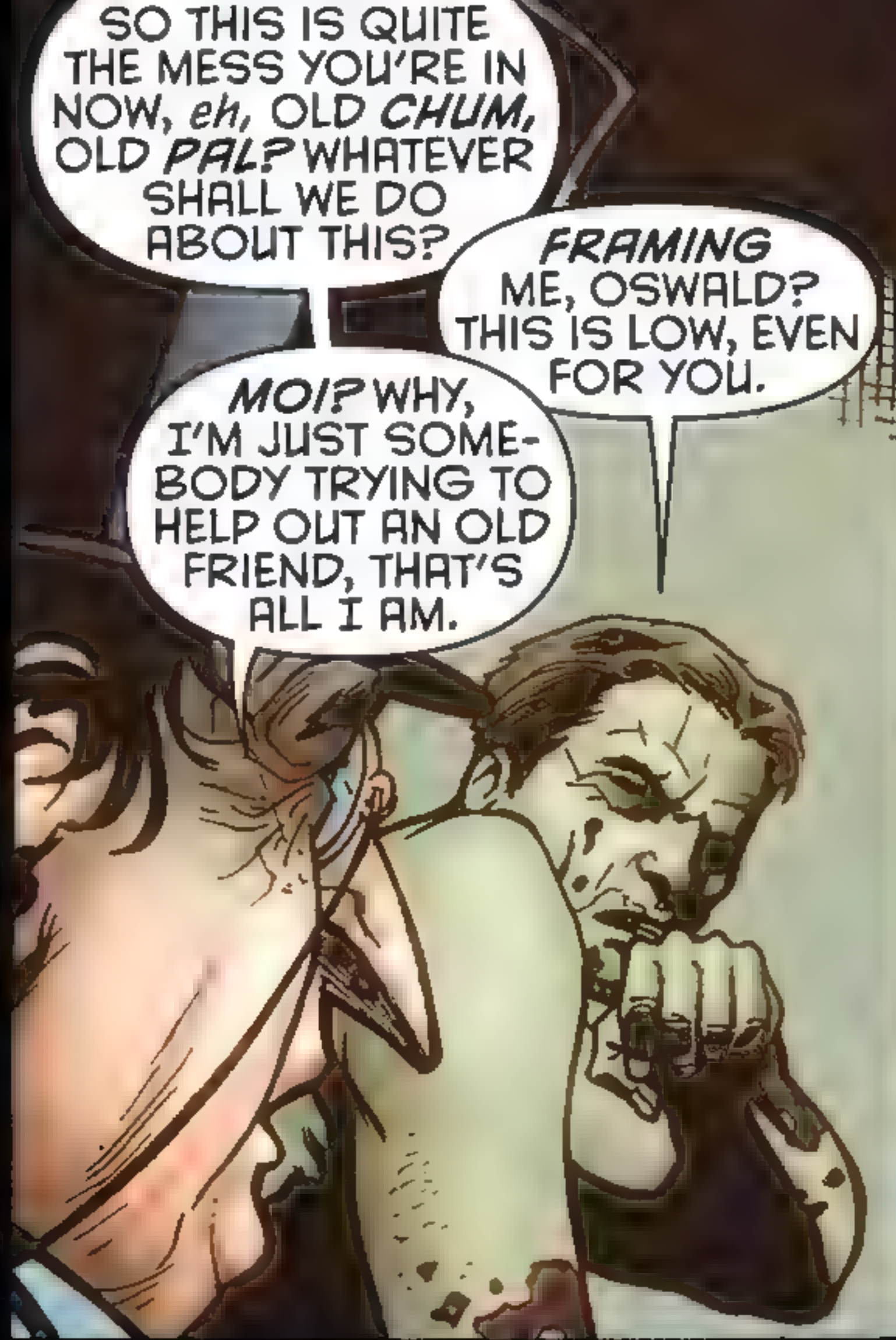
SO YOU AND MISS COLLINS, eh, CARTER? YOU *SLY* OLD DOG, YOU.

I NEVER...

NOT ACCORDING TO WHAT IT SAYS HERE.

OSWALD, I SWEAR YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH--





SOMEBODY WHO WOULD STRENUOUSLY ADVISE THAT FRIEND TO **DROP** THIS SILLY CRUSADE OF HIS.

SOMEBODY WHO WOULD ASSURE THAT FRIEND THAT THIS WHOLE BIT OF MISFORTUNE WILL REMAIN A SECRET--

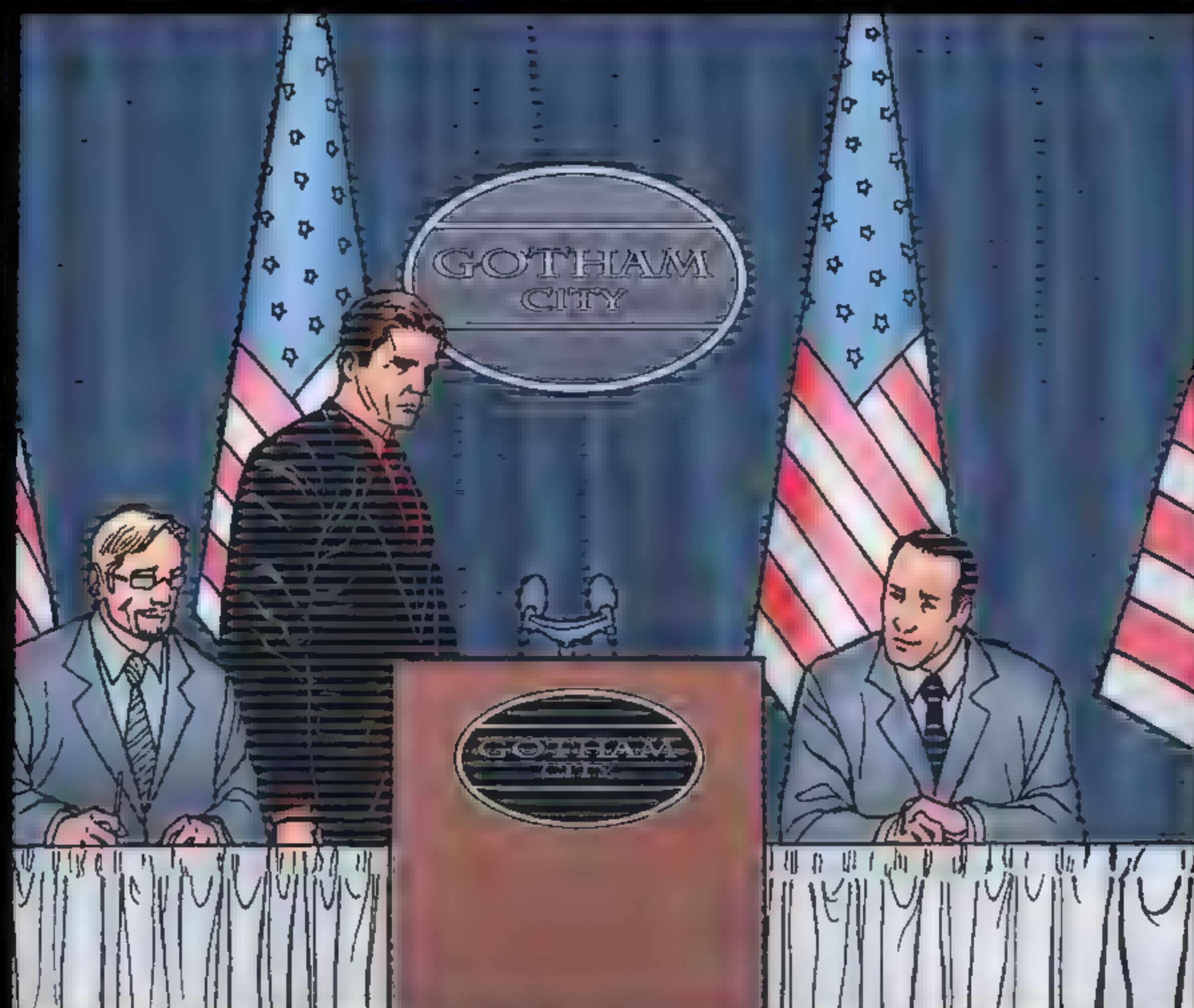
--THAT HIS FAMILY WON'T BE RUINED, THAT HIS CAREER WILL REMAIN **INTACT**--

--SO LONG AS THAT FRIEND REMEMBERS A VERY ESSENTIAL TRUTH.

THAT GOTHAM IS THE **PENGUIN'S** CITY. AND NO ONE ELSE'S.

AND **WOE** TO THE MAN WHO **FORGETS** IT.







OH MY GOD!  
THE GOVERNOR  
HAS SHOT HIMSELF!  
THE GOVERNOR--

**KUK**

I WANT THE  
BIGGEST FLOWER  
ARRANGEMENT HUMANLY  
POSSIBLE SENT TO THAT  
MAN'S *FUNERAL*. I WANT  
TO BE ABLE TO SEE IT  
FROM SPACE.

RIGHT  
AWAY,  
BOSS.

Poor  
Carter.

You foolishly allowed  
yourself to make the same  
mistake everyone makes  
when it comes to me.

Emperor Penguin.  
The Illusionists.



Even those bullies  
of my youth.





*Never underestimate  
the Penguin.*



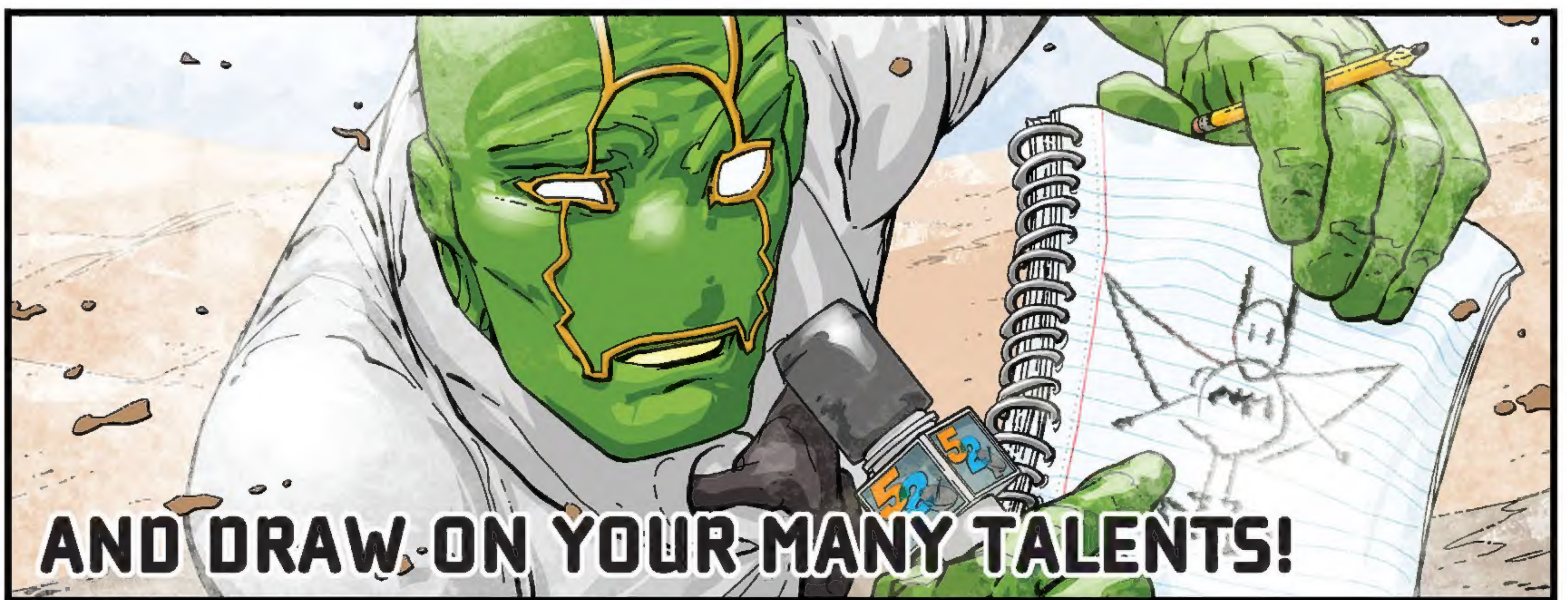
*Because I will  
always have the  
last word.*

**END**  
**END**













**ZOMBIE**